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Maplewood Cemetery Association

OF CARBONDALE, PA.

July 2, 1985

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

"INDEPENDENCE DAY CEREMONIES TO BE HELD IN MAPLEWOOD CEMETERY"

The fourth annual Independence Day ceremonies in Maplewood Cemetery, Carbondale, will take place on July 4, at 10:00 A.M., rain or shine. All descendants, relatives and friends of persons interred in Maplewood Cemetery, as well as the general public, are invited to attend these ceremonies.

Participating in these ceremonies, which are expected to take about thirty minutes, will be the following representatives of the Maplewood Cemetery Association: S. Robert Powell, Donald W. Powell, and B. Peter Suchnick. The Carbondale Ministerium will be represented by the Reverend Dr. Claude A. Pullis, pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, who will offer a prayer for the Fourth of July.

In addition, Jeff Kelsch, a Carbondale Area High School student, will perform "Taps" during the ceremonies, and Holly A. Brown, Brookhaven, PA, will give a reading of the well-known poem by Samuel Francis Smith, entitled "America."

These ceremonies are held annually on America's birthday in honor of the more than 7,000 citizens of Carbondale who are interred in Maplewood Cemetery, the oldest cemetery in the city of Carbondale and one of the oldest cemeteries in northeastern Pennsylvania.

For additional information, contact the President of the Maplewood Cemetery Association, S. Robert Powell, at 679-2979.

*around him
mailed copies of the
release to the Tribune
and the Times.*

*a very gratifying
morning in the
SBC, preparing
the release and
also the program
for July 4th.*

*I am not yet
certain as to
who will do
do what, but I
do have a
clear picture of
the ceremony.*

*Pullis and Jeff
Kelsch have
agreed to take
part in the
ceremony and
that is grand.*

*Holly does not
yet know that*

*I have put her
in the program.
I'm sure that
she will not
mind.*

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CONCORD HYMN

Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895)

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae (1872-1918)

THE AFFIRMATION (spoken by all in unison):

This is God's earth.
We are stewards of that earth.
We know we have abused the earth.
We try to love the earth.
This is God's earth, and he loves it.
We are God's people, and he loves us.
We ask him to help us love the earth more.
We live in the asphalt world.
We find it hard to tune in to the earth.
We fail to see, sometimes, the need
to smell a spring flower,
or skip a stone over water,
or feel the mud between our toes on rainy days.
We are out of touch with the earth.
Help us, God, to be sensitive to the earth.
We are here because we want to be sensitive.
We have made the first step.
We have recognized the earth.
With you, O God, we walk the earth,
sensing its real needs,
sensing our need to be in tune with it.
We are potential caretakers
trying to be actual caretakers.
We feel your Presence with us, O Lord,
as we care for the earth.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Henry Holcomb Bennett (born 1863)

*from the
morning
worship
service in
the SBC
on 6/30/85.
This
"affirmation"
will be
Pullis's
"Prayer
for the
Fourth
of July"*